

LAD CHRISTMAS TIME

Dear me! Here's Christmas once again! The Christmas tree, The Merry Bells, The Holly, The Peace on Earth and the Goodwill to Men,

The Jolly Good Fellowship, the generous supply Of Christmas Turkey, Pudding, also Pie, The Family Reunion And sweet communion Of heart to heart, expanded away by reason Of the glad season, The cards, depicting frosty Christmas scenes,

The magazines Filled with the same old hoary Christmas story All these are with us now So I allow It's Christmas, and the chances are but small That I'm mistaken,

My confidence in this cannot be shaken, So here's a Merry Christmas to you all! May This Christmas day Prove all your fancy has anticipated. I hope Tomorrow you will have cause to muse And wish in Moses you'd not celebrated. I trust Your wife has best assistance in selecting Those annual cagers. It sort of jers.

A woman, when, effusive thanks expecting, She finds her gift at Christmas unknownly snuffed at. Also I hope that she Will be Enraptured with her lovely packing chalk, And get a chance to sit Sometimes on it.

She ought to—sometimes—that is only fair. I hope your boys And girls will take their toys, And that their health's condition Will not Shortly necessitate a lot Of visits from the family physician.

But why Should such coincidences be even hinted? Let's rather try To realize our wishes rosy tinted And make good cheer. Remember That December

The 25th comes only once a year. Let's welcome home with glee— Our prodigal returned—if we have got him— And have a time that will most truly be A hot one.

Let's eat and drink our fill without a question Of indigestion, Indulge ourselves in care-free mirth and laughter Without a thought To mar our joyous sport Of that sad, dark brown feeling the day after.

Hang high the mistletoe— Or low— It doesn't so much matter, so it's hung. The young Will much enjoy it, and, to be quite truthful, So will some others not exactly youthful. Fill up the bowl— And let its grateful fragrance warm your soul.

I make no harsh condition Of composition— Say lemonade, or even oyster soup, But whoop "Er up Or be it glass or bowl or can or cup."

And don't forget Your debt To Santa Claus— The season's chiefest grace is The children's happy faces. The poor are always with us, that you know, And so Spare of your substance something for their need.

Feed The hungry, let no famished face at least Rise like a ghost to spoil your Christmas feast. If anyone has done You wrong forgive his sinning. That's not a bad beginning. Don't let The Christmas spirit get Evaporated when the day is past. But make it last.

Why should it disappear? Keep it with you, radiant, glowing, sweet, Kind, compassionate and altogether wholesome in this and every coming year.

KENNETT HARRIS.

Carving the Christmas Turkey

To carve the Christmas turkey skillfully and successfully requires a knowledge more than that acquired by general observation. To the amateur carver as he watches the practiced hand it seems the simplest thing in the world, but when he attempts to duplicate the feat he soon discovers that a careful study of the bird's anatomy is necessary.

At the Christmas dinner the turkey is of first importance and the proper handling of the fowl means much toward the success of the viand.

The host usually manipulates the carving knife and fork. There seems to be a tradition that on this day the bird in all its brown and savory splendor should be placed intact upon the table. A thin, sharp-bladed knife and



Pinch the fork upright into the center of the breastbone. The drumstick is removed by a single stroke of the knife, hitting the joint exactly.

a platter of sufficient size to hold the fowl and its disjointed portions are necessary to enable the carver to work with neatness and dexterity.

Whether it is good form to sit or stand while accomplishing the work depends entirely upon the comfort of the performer. There is also a question as to whether the head of the turkey should be to the carver's right or left. This is also for the individual to decide, but generally the head is to the left, as the wings and legs are more easily disjointed with a stroke from left to right. If the company be small and the bird one of good size, carve from one side only. The other side may be reserved for slicing cold.

The first move of the carver is to insert the fork astride the breastbone, at the point plunging it deep enough



A V-shaped cut toward the joint separates the thigh and drumstick.

to secure a firm hold. Then remove the drumstick with one stroke of the knife, first cutting through the skin down to the joint, hitting it squarely. It is a little difficult to locate this joint, but by pressing the leg away from the side of the turkey it is readily found.

It is claimed that the expert carver does not remove the fork from the breast until he has quite finished. He that as it may, it is quite necessary to use the fork in separating the thigh from the "drumstick" and the "hip" is a favorite part with many.

To accomplish this, make a V-shaped cut toward the joint, holding the thigh against the side of the turkey with the fork. The "drumstick" drops off neatly into the platter.

The next stroke removes the wing. A deep cut through the ball and socket joint severs this with a part of the breast meat. To strike the joint squarely the first time requires skill, though sometimes it is done very neat



A neat strike through the ball and socket joint severs the wing.

ly by pure luck, and this calls forth most favorable comment from the expectant hungry assemblage. If the knife doesn't strike the joint at first, move it back and forth, pressing the wing away from the body, disclosing the ball of the joint, then cut through and the wing is detached.

When this process is completed the disjointed portions are laid to one side of the platter, or put on a separate plate, to allow of free space for slicing the breast meat.

The Christmas Fairies

Who is it hammers the big church bell
On Christmas Eve, till melodies well
And bubble and float, in liquid note,
Down over the town from its deep-toned throat?
The Christmas fairies hammer the bell.

Who is it fashions the robe of snow,
With diamonds woven, and starlight-glow,
So wondrous white it mocks the night,
On Nature's shoulders glistening bright?
The Christmas fairies fashion the snow.

And just at twelve when the moonbeams tall
Have flecked the floor of the great front hall,
What merry train make sweetmeats rain;
Who paint little frost-thoughts on the pane?
The Christmas fairies arrange it all.

They trim the tree with a lavish hand,
Then trip upstairs in a shimmering band,
And shower on Ted, all tucked in bed,
A dower of dreams for his happy head—
Then scamper away to Nowhere Land.

MAURICE DUNLAP

An Old Maid's Christmas

By BERTHA E. BUSH

"Aunt Annabel," said Juanita, with a merry jingling of skates accompanying her speech, "won't you please tie up my Christmas packages for me? You know where they go."

Aunt Annabel assented with a little sigh, for her hands were already full of Christmas errands for the family. Juanita did not notice the sigh. Her laughing eyes were filled with the vision of the boy whom she knew to be waiting just around the corner, ready to carry those skates and buckle on the straps. But her girl companion, less absorbed, did notice it.

"I don't believe you ought to have asked her to do that, Nita. Everybody is so busy at Christmas."

"Oh, Aunt Annabel is always busy. But she isn't any busier at Christmas than at any other time. What does an old maid's Christmas amount to?"

Aunt Annabel heard the careless words and the little wrinkles on her forehead deepened with pain. "An old maid's Christmas?" The red mounted slowly to her thin cheeks. It was not the quick blushing of girlhood which is deemed so beautiful, but a burning, painful flushing that seemed to leave her wan face more hollow and whiter than before.

"An old maid's Christmas!" How hateful it was to be an old maid! She



"AUNT ANNABEL," SAID JUANITA,

had never dreamed of it when she was as young as Juanita. When she was as young as Juanita—oh, much younger—John Warren had said: "Annabel is my little wife, and we are going to be married next Christmas." How far away the next Christmas had seemed then—farther than the next century now!

The years slipped before her eyes like a dream. There had been other lovers, but none so dear as this little John of her childish years. How devoted they had been to each other, and how constant through all their boy and girl ups and downs! The elders had smiled at their frank affection and half believed that what John said would come to pass at some future Christmas. She and John had wholly believed it. She remembered how they played together, how he drew her on his sled, how he always chose her first at spelling matches, although she was not a good speller, and John was one of the best. She remembered their quarrels. Ah! The last time she had ever seen him they had quarreled.

It was about a pair of stubby red mittens that she had knit with skillful childish fingers. She had meant them for his Christmas present, but he had found it out beforehand, and, boy-fashion, had teased her about them.

"I'll never give them to you now," she had declared, angrily. And then her John, little true lover as he was, had melted.

"Oh, please give them to me," he had begged. "You know I would give you everything I have, Annabel. If

you love me, you will give them to me."

But it was sweet to hear him plead, and the little maiden was desirous of prolonging the pleasure.

"I never love you again, I will give them to you," was all she would say. Just then a neighbor's boy had hurried up breathless with importance.

"John, John. Your mother has sent for you to go home right away. She's got a telegram from your grandfather. He's dead."

It was the last time she had ever seen John Warren. Within an hour he was speeding on the train to the home that death had entered so suddenly. Then there had been sickness and unexpected removal in her own family. If John had written to her, she had never read it. Her own childish assurance on a spistle to him had come back to her months after, toward from the dead letter, after John had passed completely out of her life. But put away among her most precious treasures were the little red mittens waiting to be given to him.

What had an old maid to do with such memories? How Juanita would laugh if she knew her foolishness! She would get out the mittens this very Christmas and send them to her brother Bob's boy—Bob's boy who was always losing mittens.

It was a hard day. Juanita's headless words seemed to tinge everything with bitterness. They sounded in her imagination again as she sat wrapping up the Christmas presents. A foolish mist was in her eyes as she did the stubby mittens up into a neat parcel, wrapped them in white tissue paper and tied them with red ribbon. Just then she was called away. The presents lay out on her table as carefully arranged as the specimens in a scientific cabinet, hers on one side and Juanita's on the other. So they would have remained had careless little Susette kept out of the room. But Susette wanted baby ribbon for her own small concerns, and nobody but Aunt Annabel kept it on hand. In helping herself to it, she knocked two small packages from the table. They were both about the same size, soft and tied up with red ribbon, and the envelopes to hold each had laid, already directed, beside. Susette, hastily picking them up and trying to put them back, exchanged the packages. The stubby red mittens in their dainty wrappings laid beside the envelope addressed "Mr. Walter Taylor," to whom Juanita had meant to send an embroidered handkerchief.

"Who is Mr. Walter Taylor?" Aunt Annabel had asked, and Juanita had replied, lightly:

"Oh, he's Jack's uncle." (Jack was the boy who carried the skates for her.) "He's a lonely old gentleman and I thought it would please him to have me send him something. He's a widower, and he has lots of money, and Jack is his only nephew." And worldly-wise little Juanita smiled meaningly at the unworried little aunt who would never, at her age or at any age, have thought of future prospects in this way.

And so, by Susette's mistake, Mr. Walter Taylor received the stubby red mittens instead of the handkerchief that was designed for him. It was a lonely man who opened the little red-ribboned package, though no one but a girl like Juanita would have thought of calling him an old gentleman. When he unwrapped the package and read the card that said in the small, faint, old-fashioned "lady's hand": "With a great deal of love for Christmas from Annabel Wilder," his face suddenly changed into the face of a boy. He whistled. Then he laughed. Then he scrutinized the postmark, snatched his hat and was off like a shot to find a directory. But Miss Annabel's name was not in the directory, as she lived with her sister and sister's husband. It was Christmas evening before he traced her.

It had been a lonely day for Annabel. Juanita's words had taken all the pleasure out of it. Sister Agnes and Brother Charles and their children were as kind as could be, but they belonged so thoroughly to each other and were so absorbed in each other that he could not help a very sore left-out feeling. She went to her room

early with a headache, and some tears had bedewed the pillow before Juanita tapped at the door to say, in an astonished voice:

"There's a caller in the parlor for you, Aunt Annabel. It's Jack's uncle, and he never said a word about the Christmas handkerchief I embroidered for him. He didn't seem to notice me at all. I doubt if he knew me. But he wants to see you dreadfully."

Jack's uncle? Annabel felt bewildered enough, but she rose and made ready with a sigh, feeling quite sure that Juanita was mistaken and that it was only a book agent making a most untimely visit. Who else ever called upon her?

The caller stood by the parlor door as if he could hardly wait for her coming, and, curiously enough, he held in his hands—of all the ridiculous things—a stubby pair of red mittens. But it was not a strange face that bent over them. It was the face, grown older and altered, but certainly the face, of the boy for whom the little mittens had been knit, John Warren.

The room whirled strangely to Annabel, but it was surely John who caught her. It was John's voice that was explaining that he was indeed John, that his name had been changed to suit the provisions of the will of the maternal grandfather who made him his heir, with the condition that he would take his name.

Somehow in the surprise and the bewilderment and the comfort of having John again, John to whom she had told every thought, the pitiful little story of the spoiled Christmas day came out. Then she raised her head



"SWEETHEART," HE SAID.

in sudden mortification, and held it to the light till every wrinkle and worried pucker from the broad forehead to the trembling mouth revealed themselves in pitiless plainness. "Oh, what have I said? What must you think of me?" she cried. But the man who had been John Warren drew the little head down again, and, quite unmindful of Juanita, who was certainly peeping through the crack in the door, kissed the trembling lips and the white cheek that grew suddenly as rosy as Juanita's own.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you shall never spend another old maid's Christmas."

Gifts from the Tree

If Money Brought Happiness.

If money only brought happiness, there would be little Christmas cheer in a majority of homes.

In the Dark.

"Well, have you bought your wife's Christmas present yet?"

"I dunno. She has all our Christmas stuff locked up in one of the closets, where I can't get at it."

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.



Grandpa—Now, Tommy, you must take good care of all these nice toys; don't beat your drum so hard.

Tommy—Grandpa, don't you be so bossy; Santa Claus don't care how soon we break our things all up—he's got lots.

His Little List.

"Have you made up your list for Christmas?" asked the fond father.

"Yep," replied the young hopeful, as he produced a toy manufacturer's catalogue. "There it is."

Fond of Writing.

"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickelby. "He spent a two hours a day at it."

"Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?"

"Oh, as for that, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for Christmas, and he's still at it."

The Spirit of Christmas

By DR. WORTH M. TIPPY

Of all the year's festival days, Christmas is peculiarly the festival of love. Easter commemorates the resurrection of Jesus, it is our festival of life, divine and immortal, for the power that raised Christ from the dead has passed into the lives of the millions. It comes with peculiar appropriateness at the season of the year when nature is awakening to spring and everywhere are warm winds, sunshine, growth and beauty.

Thanksgiving is our festival of Divine Providence, celebrating the loving care of God over all that He has made. It comes at the time when, in agricultural communities, the earth's fruitage has been garnered and the year's work draws to a close. It is a good time in all pursuits to close the books with God, and to bring to Him the only possible return for His beneficence, the gratitude and appreciation of our hearts.

But Christmas is the climax of the Christian year. It is our festival of love, and as such it is not beautifully fitting that the day should be celebrated by the bestowment of gifts? It is as natural for love to give as for birds to sing and for flowers to grow.

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of giving. This spirit takes hold upon all classes of people, carrying into every soul the sweetness and purity of love's ministry. It lavishes gifts in homes of wealth and it finds a way in the direst poverty.

Christmas was the day when God gave His richest gift to men—Jesus the Christ—and that marvelous gift of the ages has proved the inspiration of the day and given birth to the spirit of giving among men. And for this reason let us give remembrances to just as many people as we can afford to give, to those of our own homes, to our friends and to the poor. It doesn't need to be much, so that it is a token of friendship. Remember particularly the lives that are cast in hard places. Lift a mortgage, pay a debt, send a check to the brave woman who is fighting for her children. Bring the young man or young woman who is away from home to your own fireside. Send a Christmas dinner where you are sure there would be a scanty one if you did not send it.

The spirit of Christmas is love expressing itself in service. The love of God found its expression in the gift of a Saviour to the world. The love of Christ found its expression in the gift of a life of pure and unselfish service to mankind. He gave Himself to the closest association with men so that

very man might take heart in the struggle and have a reasonable hope of being able to live likewise.

This gift of service is the best gift which can be given to the world. And this gift is within the reach of everybody. There is no excuse for those who do not make it. None are too busy to be friendly and none too great to stoop to little kindnesses. I once thought there were natures that could not be cordial, but I know now that it was a mistake. The most inexorable duty men ever have is to love and to render services of love. It was one of the last teachings of Jesus that we will be judged at last by our attitude in practical service to the sick, the oppressed, the stranger and to those who seek the plainest necessities of food and clothing.

But this spirit of Christmas which is to find its expression in the gift of loving service is not the spirit of mere benevolence. Kindness that is not inspired by comradeship is not beautiful at all. It may be pity from a proud heart, but that is not friendship, and it is not the deep brotherly love of "Christianity." Men needs friends more than they need alms. We all need each other's friendships. We are inseparably bound together as men of one race and men of all races. The powerful need the sympathy and recognition of the humble, the rich of the poor, and the cultured of the uncultured, and for this reason the life which finds its expression in unaffected and universal friendship is the life which has most nearly caught the spirit of Christmas. Let us give gifts, and among them that larger gift of loving service. Thus will the spirit of Christmas be shed abroad and make the world brighter and better.

CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE.



"Are you going to hang up your stocking?"

"What do you take me for? Do you think I want to get one of my feet frozen?"—Town Topics.